Starring Role

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1810297.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Jimmy Price/Brian Zeller
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Brian Zeller, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Jack Crawford (mention of), Will Graham's Dogs
Additional Tags:	Stripper!AU, stripper!will, becomes boat mechanic!will, hannibal is mopey in Baltimore, Online Dating, team sassy science owns a bar together, team sassy schnapps?, i'm trying very hard to give this a happy ending for you beautiful people, multi-chapter, Sex in later chapters, Reunion, Sex Toys, Masturbation, sexting (super mild), Possessive!Hannibal, Hannibal is Not a Cannibal, Anal Sex, Rimming, hbic beverly katz, will & hannibal are both saps, Happy Ending
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Rehearsed Steps On An Empty Stage
Stats:	Published: 2014-06-19 Completed: 2014-07-29 Words: 14,650 Chapters: 4/4

Starring Role

by captaineifersucht

Summary

Will flees to Florida in order to ignore the feelings that he has for Hannibal Lecter, the wealthy doctor that treated him as so much more than *just* a stripper. Will would like to delude himself that he's the archetypal prostitute--strong, independent, and without a need for romantic relationships. But two years later, with the help of some friends, he finds out that Hannibal still regards him with respect and adoration. He can't deny himself the chance of happiness that has presented itself twice now--Will just has to let his guard down.

Crave You and *Obsessions* should be read first, in order for this installation to make sense.

Notes

Super glad that hannibalsketches lent her help in beta'ing this fic for me, any remaining mistakes are my own.

It will be multi-chapter (three at most), because I need that to make things happy?? Hopefully you all can find some solace in this fic! Mizumono has still ruined my life~

This fic is for Tayoann because without her my giant WIP would not exist at all. She is the best.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hold On To What You Believe

”I ran away,
I could not take the burden of both me and you.
It was too fast,
Casting love on me as if it were a spell I could not break,
When it was a promise I could not make.

What if I was wrong?”
--Hold On To What You Believe, Mumford & Sons

Florida was kind to Will. The sun had lent him its rays to brighten his life with. He didn’t look like the pale, delicate man who had left Baltimore nearly two years ago. He didn’t feel like himself.

Will was lightly tanned, his hair cut shorter for convenience. His stubble was longer from lack of attention, but he found that the rugged look didn’t hurt his appearance. Since moving back South, Will had encountered his fair share of suitors.

It was always easy for him to deny their advances.

There were younger men that he felt were naive, older ones that didn’t hold a candle to the beauty that Will had once been privy to. Women saw the potential for a kind, loving man in Will when he took his dogs to the park. If there was one skill that he retained from his days at the club, it was how to politely and gently let a customer down.

In the end, Will settled for a quiet life in a small cabin close to the water. His property contained a dock, where he tied up his small fishing boat. He’d found three more dogs since moving, making a total of five in his home. The canines kept Will busy when he wasn’t at work or on the water, but they weren’t the company that he craved.

Will never admitted the reason for these standards to himself. He came up with smaller, more subtle excuses as to why the citizens of Florida weren’t good enough for him. He promised himself he would make friends, even though he now worked at a boat repair shop with men who intimidated him. *There are no opportunities for companionship in that building*, he had sighed to Buster two weeks after starting the position. Will was good at his job, but the men always looked disgusted with his dainty fingers and scoffed at his dancer’s grace when moving about the floor.

Hannibal was far from his mind. That’s what Will told himself, when he drove to work. When he made dinner. When he sat in his boat, staring out at endless ocean. When he went to bed alone at night, listening to the soft sniffling of his dogs and the chirping of cicadas.

A year after he'd moved to Florida, Will told himself that he had to at least try to find a boyfriend. He started to visit the clubs, always embarrassed by the crowd he ran into. The men were spastic and crass. Will missed the smoky air of his old joint--the tumbler of scotch in a steady hand, the sophisticated decor of the bedroom he visited weekly. He tried hard not to compare the two, but how was he to forget a relationship--albeit a paid one--that had lasted for over a year?

A few months in, Will was still suffering from a dry spell, but he'd made friends with a trio who owned a bar together--Beverly, Jimmy, and Brian.

Beverly was a microbiologist who put her degree to use in the form of microbrewing. " Better that than being stuck in a pristine building testing pHs on soap," she'd assured Will with a pat to his shoulder. Jimmy was more often than not tending bar, raking in the tips with his charisma and easy-going attitude. Brian was the brains of the operation, reserved and quiet in comparison to his partner.

He and Jimmy were happily married, although most wouldn't guess it. In the bar, they kept it professional. Beverly had to point it out to Will after he developed a fondness for Brian's demeanor. They had been eating at a diner, when Brian got up and headed to the bathroom. The four of them had taken to grabbing lunch every Sunday for the past month or so. When Will admitted that he thought Brian was really cute with flushed cheeks, Jimmy had been inconsolable in his laughter. As tears ran down her coworker's face, Beverly calmly explained to Will that Brian and Jimmy were and item.

" Since when?!" Will was mortified.

Brian came back and took one look at his cackling husband with eyebrows raised before plopping back down into his seat. Jimmy took his hand and Will saw the way that Brian's cheeks lit up just as red as his own. " Brian, dear. Will didn't know that you and I were a thing, apparently. He's smitten with you!"

" I'm so sorry, Jim… I swear, I didn't know!"

" Oh, Will, I know. Brian never lets me love him when we're out," Jimmy pouted with a wink. Will watched as Jimmy squeezed Brian's hand before letting it go, returning to his sandwich. Brian begrudgingly kissed his forehead.

Will thought of how well they fit together at the bar, compliments to one another. Whatever tasks Brian couldn't do, Jimmy performed with immense skill. He thought of how they always locked up together. They held the deed to the bar, although Beverly owned some shares. It made more sense, as he contemplated it.

Jimmy spent the rest of their meal complaining about Brian while the dark haired man sulked. Beverly and Will laughed at all the anecdotes.

Will thought that with these three, he could be happy. People didn't need romantic or sexual relationships to live fulfilling lives. He had a good job, hobbies, and good friends. He didn't need Hannibal Lecter.

--

“ You need a man, Will,” Beverly insisted after she knocked back another shot. He had helped close the bar tonight and he and Bev were having celebratory drinks--it was their six month friend-iversary, which Beverly insisted was very important and worth honoring with copious amounts of alcohol. Will didn’t know how long they’d been there, he had lost count of the shots and chasers he’d knocked back.

Will shook his head, took a swig of the generic, piss-water beer in front of him. “ No way,” he slurred. “ Hannibal is the last thing I need in my life.”

“ What the fuck is a Hannibal?” Beverly laughed. “ Like the general? High standards, Will. I don’t know if I can help you out with finding a historical figure, but I know some hotties. How do you think Jimmy and Brian met?”

Will continued to smile, but it was tinged with sadness. He hadn’t thought about Hannibal openly in quite some time. His memories of the doctor were confined to vivid dreams and half-forgotten conversations.

“ He was, ah--a client of mine,” he stuttered, trying to find an explanation for his slip of tongue.

You’re not clientele, Hannibal.

“ No,” Will quickly revised with another shake of his head. The alcohol was causing his mind to swim, a myriad of memories swarming in his vision. Caresses juxtaposed against the smack of a belt, aftershocks of orgasm compared to dissociation. “ Hannibal, he was an old--someone in Baltimore I knew.”

“ A lover?” Beverly prompted, her smile gentle. She only wanted to help, Will knew. But this hurt. Allowing thoughts of Hannibal to the forefront of his mind was painful.

“ I suppose.” Will didn’t know what to call the relationship they had shared. Abusive, possessive, and in the end--passionate. “ I miss him,” he quietly admitted, looking up to meet Beverly’s gaze.

In his eyes, she must have seen the harm that Hannibal had inflicted.

“ Look into the lens, Will. People like eye contact.”

Will huffed and made a grumpy face, which Jimmy promptly photographed. “ You look cute like that, use this one!”

At Beverly’s behest, Will was making a profile on an online dating site. He was tired of going to clubs, and could be more selective with this method. No more crude passes at him. He could just ignore men he wasn’t interested with no extra hassle.

He had to have a photograph.

Beverly suggested that he have three, which Will thought was completely over the top.

“ Guys will want to see you in your natural habitat. How about that one of you and Winston in the park that I took last month? And the one time you came in up to your arms in grease from work? You’re really handsome in those pictures, Will. And who doesn’t like a guy with dogs?” Beverly was trying to be comforting and supportive, so Will let her do what she felt was necessary.

Half an hour later, Jimmy got a genuinely smiling Will and Beverly had not only set up the pictures in his profile, but filled out his description as well. “ I think I know you well enough,” she said with a flourish and pushed the laptop back towards him. “ You have to fill out the surveys and stuff on there. That way, they can show guys who have similar interests.”

Will sat at the bar with his laptop as Brian and Jimmy began opening procedures and Beverly set off to the back for some testing on her brews. Will looked over the profile that she had written for him and closed the laptop, tucking it back in his bag. He bid the couple goodbye and was about to leave before Brian stopped him at the door.

“ You gonna actually use the site, Will?”

“ I...I don’t know. Beverly put a lot of work into it, but I just don’t think there’s anyone out there for me.” Will knew how melodramatic he sounded. *Anyone who isn’t Hannibal.*

Brian squeezed his shoulder encouragingly and let him walk out the door, to make his own decisions.

It had taken Will three days to sit down and start filling out the questionnaires. He hated thinking about all the qualities he desired in a lover: ashen hair, harsh cheekbones, strong arms, and a demanding presence.

Hannibal Lecter had known him, but he hadn’t known anything about Hannibal.

Will started getting messages as he worked his way through the surveys. Some were crude, others somewhat encouraging, and many suspiciously sweet.

He didn’t want someone who would be sweet to him for no reason. Will didn’t want trepidation, awkward first dates at some cafe, maybe a movie in the future. He wanted someone with Hannibal’s knowledge of his body and desires.

Will didn’t reply to any of the e-mails.

That night, he dreamed of calloused hands moving over his body, wringing orgasm after orgasm from him. He heard the deep, accented timbre of Hannibal’s voice, whispering sweet nothings to him. Will felt like he had suddenly acquired every bit of knowledge about the doctor. He knew Hannibal’s past, the wishes for his future, and all the small quirks he had. They were sharing inside jokes, but the words were unintelligible. Hannibal was promising Will something, and his stomach felt warm. They were in Hannibal’s bed, but the large frame

had been transplanted into the master bedroom of Will's own home. He could smell the salt of the sea, the breeze was moving in through the windows. He felt satiated.

It was another week before he got a phone call from an old friend.

" Matthew?"

Will was understandably confused. They'd spoken every week for a month after Will had moved, and then the conversations had tapered off. Their last phone call had been at Christmas. It was mid summer.

" Will! I see you're back on the dating scene."

Matthew had helped Will pack up his belongings. It had been a silent process. As an ex-lover, Matthew was predictably uncomfortable talking about Will's sexual escapades. As a co-worker, he was concerned by how sudden Will's decision had been made. Will had called Thursday morning, stating that he wouldn't be coming in for his Friday shift--he was quitting. Jack had been furious. Matthew had come to visit as soon as the news spread.

" What did he do to you? Swear to God, I'll kill the bastard, Will. Did he hurt you again?" Matthew was full of blind rage as he stomped into the apartment, going straight to embrace Will.

Will cried, for the first time since he'd left Hannibal's house in the cab. It was hard to pull himself together. Matthew's arms were safe and comforting. " Fuck, Matty," he sighed, wiping his snot on the back of his hand. " No...no, he loves me. Hannibal loves me, and I have to get out of this place or I'll let him love me."

Matthew held Will at arm's length, confusion in his eyes. " This guy loves you?" The real question went unspoken. Do you love him?

" I don't know," Will sobbed, emotion bubbling out of him. " I can't be here. I need to leave Baltimore. Maybe, maybe...someday."

Matthew nodded solemnly, cradling the back of Will's head and drawing him back into the hug. Will cried, and Matthew held him securely. " Okay, Will. Yeah, okay."

" Back on the--how do you know? Do you know Beverly? Are you two in cahoots on this?" Will was a little bit taken aback, but hearing Matthew's voice was always soothing. It reminded him of the camping trip they'd taken while dating--sprawled out across a sleeping roll in the cool summer evening with a quilt to cover them and the stars lighting up Matthew's face. The warmth of a body next to his own when the world was so cold.

Will could practically hear the lopsided smile that Matthew was making against the phone. " Saw your profile, Will. I'm allowed to date too, y'know. We're still compatible!"

" Oh, jeez," Will mumbled, feeling a flush creep up his neck. " Beverly, she's a friend of mine, she wants me to find a man. Or whatever. I'm humoring her."

“ Well, I sent you a message two days ago, doesn’t sound like you’re very good at humoring. Give it a shot, yeah? I think you could use someone too. How many dogs do you have now?”

“ Still five, Matty. Why don’t you come down and visit? Maybe in the winter, when it’s colder up there.”

They spoke about arrangements and logistics. Matthew said he’d like to have Thanksgiving together like they used to. He made jokes about Jack and some of the regulars, and Will offered stories from the bar and about his dogs. The phone call lasted almost an hour before Will’s battery beeped angrily at him. When he hung up, Matthew made him promise to check the dating site again.

Will had 43 unread messages. It had only been four days since he last checked. When he texted Beverly and asked if this was normal, he got back a response with a predictable amount of sass.

i bet its winston. they all want to take him from you.

Will scrolled half heartedly through the messages. By the time he reached the thirtieth one, Matthew’s picture showed up. The smile that blossomed across his face was natural. He did miss his old life in Baltimore sometimes.

The next message had Will immediately recanting his previous thought.

William,

Florida appears to be treating you kindly, although your curls are sorely missed.

Will subconsciously fingered his hair. It flipped up at the ends, but wasn’t as unruly as it had once been. He thought of how years ago, he’d nervously tried to fix his hair after Hannibal had looked at it pointedly.

I know that you wouldn’t create such a profile of your own volition, so I retain some semblance of hope that your feelings for me have not changed in the past two years. I own a property close to where currently live. It wouldn’t hurt to take a vacation, but I would appreciate your company. I’ll wait for your call.

Yours,
Hannibal

Will was pissed. He glanced and saw the phone number at the end of the message. He closed the laptop violently and pushed it across the sofa, as far away as he could manage. Hannibal had clearly been stalking him. There was no reason why the man should know that he’d made a dating profile, why he’d messaged him within a week of it being created. Will was even more shocked by the fact that Hannibal had clearly been doing this consistently for over two years.

Hannibal was *hopeful* that his feelings hadn’t changed.

Will recalled the comforting weight of the doctor's body on his own when they'd fucked that last time. He was hesitant to call it fucking. Could he call it sex, when they'd both been overflowing with raw emotion? Could he call it making love when neither had openly admitted their feelings?

The anger made Will's muscles coil tightly. He needed to get out of the house, away from that stupid piece of technology that had made this happen to begin with. Will thought about calling Beverly and yelling his frustration out at her, but this wasn't her fault. Beverly had always meant well. He leashed the dogs, but decided that they wouldn't be suited for the rigor of exercise that he needed. Will's body was rigid with negative energy, a deep-seated hurt that filled his cells like a buildup of lactic acid.

He ran.

Will ran away from his problems, away from Hannibal, and away from memories of past nights that chased him wherever he went. He was on a trail in a sparse forest. Will ran as fast as he could, focusing on the rhythm of his breathing, the beat of his shoes against tree roots and solid ground. The sweat was starting to soak through his shirt and his sneakers were coated with dirt and clumps of dry grass by the time he stopped, chest heaving. His eyes stung. Will told himself it was the sweat from his hair, but he couldn't deny that he was crying when the first sob caused his body to quake.

The forest was accepting of Will's emotions in a way that he could never be of himself. As he sat on a fallen log and shed his tears, the trees did not judge him. The sky did not hang heavy on his shoulders. Will hiccupped the last of his fit away as the sun began to descend. He checked his watch--it'd been almost an hour since he left home.

" I still love him," Will said to no one in particular. He'd never admitted that his feelings regarding Hannibal were so strong, let alone say it aloud. But the words sounded right. Will could never hate Hannibal, even though he had certainly tried after first moving. " That fucking prick," he sighed, knowing that he would end up calling the doctor.

First, Will called Beverly.

" Hannibal sent me a message," he got out by way of greeting. It had been much easier to say his name when drunk.

" *Your* Hannibal?" Will almost protested that Hannibal wasn't his, but he knew better. The doctor would have given himself to Will blindly that night, if Will had only stayed. He held Hannibal's heart in his hand, years later. " Will...you still have feelings for him?"

" He gave me his phone number. Said he wants to vacation in Florida, but only if he can visit me." He was avoiding her question. Will wanted to know that this was okay. This was sane. Hannibal was the reason he had moved away to Florida. Before, his resolve had been strong. Get away from the doctor, and be successful on his own. Will had never been one to search for relationships. Strippers were strong, they were independent. Just when Will had accepted

his bachelor's life, Hannibal had come into his world and shattered his ideals and future plans.

Hannibal had made Will feel truly desirable. He made Will want more from life, filled him with a voracious need for beauty with no more than jealous words and soft-spoken promises.

If you would be mine, I'd give you the world, William.

After two years of contemplating this future he'd tried so hard to rebuild for himself, Will was ready to have the world given to him. He would allow his foundations in Florida to be washed away, as they were twigs in the sand. Deep inside, Will had been waiting for Hannibal to approach him. He was tired of taking initiative. He'd walked to the back corner that first Wednesday evening. When Hannibal returned to the club, Will was the one to cave and seek out his company. Will had faithfully brought Hannibal a scotch every week for a year, had gone straight to the doctor's lap after his performance. Will had crawled into Hannibal's bed, and he had left it.

Hannibal was reaching out. For the first time in years, Will felt wanted. As he trudged back to his house in the fading daylight, Will could remember the hunger he'd found in Hannibal's eyes, the warm affection that had been present in his hands on their last night together. The jealousy that was painful, but endearing. Will wondered how it would manifest itself if he allowed Hannibal to have him.

Will wondered if Hannibal had been checking his e-mails obsessively since he'd hit *Send*.

No Light, No Light

Chapter Summary

Will calls Hannibal and gets anxious about the possibilities that lie in his future, if he decides to take them.

Chapter Notes

Once again made possible by hannibalsketches, who beta'd this for me <3

Any feedback is much appreciated.

You are the hole in my head,
You are the space in my bed.
You are the silence in between,
What I thought and what I said.
--No Light, No Light, Florence + the Machine

Will got drunk with Beverly and Jimmy the next evening, and together they spent the night drawing up draft replies to Hannibal's message. The two of them were upset that there weren't pictures to ogle over, but Will assured them that Hannibal had a peculiar beauty about him. When he described the doctor, Jimmy wrinkled his nose and Beverly had just smiled.

" I've never understood European beauty," Jimmy snorted flippantly. " But if he treats you well, that's all that matters."

Will had never admitted to his friends the nature of his relationship with Hannibal. When Beverly had prompted the possibility that they had been lovers, Will went with it. They knew that he had worked at a club before, but weren't aware of his particular position. Jimmy figured they shared a passion for bartending. Will wasn't exactly eager to share that he'd been a stripper in the past, that he'd only been Hannibal's prostitute for the night.

" I still think you should just call him. Sending a message takes too much time. Get it over with." Beverly had been saying the same thing since they started to brainstorm. She was adamant.

The sound of Hannibal's voice might weaken his resolve. Will wanted to be strong this time around. With no money being exchanged, he had to exert his own desires and priorities into whatever this was. He was terrified that having that smooth accent wash over him like so many nights ago would dislodge all of the confidence he'd created for himself.

Whatever his fears were, Beverly was right. Sending a message would only prolong this process, make it more painful. If Will just called, there would be no waiting, no anticipation. Will knew he'd be the person to sit and stare at the laptop once he'd sent the message.

" Yeah, you're probably right, Bev." Will glanced at the napkins that they'd been scrawling on. He picked up his favorite ones and folded them carefully. After placing them in his coat pocket, Will stood up.

" But not now. You're not calling him now, are you?"

Will looked up guiltily. " Why not? I'm never gonna feel more secure in this decision than I do now."

" You're plastered and it's almost one in the morning," Jimmy said matter-of-factly.

" Exactly. After this, I won't have the courage to do it again. You guys helped me feel confident!" Will was trying to make a compelling argument, but he was aware that it might not have the intended effect. He'd drank more than his friends. " I swear, if I don't call tonight, I'll never do it."

Beverly gave him a sympathetic smile and left her stool to swing an arm about Will's shoulders. " I trust you, Will." She squeezed him and brought out her own phone. " But you're not driving home. Let me call you a cab. Also, if you don't text me after you call him, there will be Hell to pay." She smiled again and brought the phone to her ear.

After Will finished his nightly ritual of letting the dogs out and filling their water bowls, he laid on his bed. The number from Hannibal's message was already in his phone. He'd put it in before going to get drunk with Bev and Jimmy. Will had wanted to call before, he just didn't know how to bring himself to do it. Hannibal had always been intimidating. It was hard for Will to convince himself to seek him out once again. He was losing his resolve now that the alcohol was starting to wear off.

Will found Hannibal in his contacts, and he called.

Three rings before he could hear the crackle of the phone being grabbed. Hannibal had been sleeping.

" Will?"

It had been years since he'd heard Hannibal's voice. Even longer since he'd been privy to the sleepy rumblings of the man in the early morning. Will felt his lower lip tremble with an unnamed emotion. He had longed for this moment in his dreams, but it was actually

happening. They were on an even playing field now--Will wasn't a stripper, he wasn't being paid. Hannibal still wanted him. Will could hear the desire thinly laced in his tone. The hope that this phone-call had been from the one beautiful thing that Hannibal Lecter couldn't place into his home.

" Hey, Hannibal." Will forgot all the words he had been psyching himself up to say. He felt suddenly lost.

There was a soft rumbling on the other end of the line, Hannibal stretching out or adjusting in the bed. " You called." There was a note of disbelief in his voice.

" Yeah, I got drunk and called."

Hannibal chuckled at that. " Do I terrify you so?"

Will shifted on his own bed. He laid on his back, the pillow cold against his head. He was just in his boxers, and the breeze caressed his sweaty skin. " No, I don't think so anymore. I don't know what to expect from you."

" What would you like from me?"

" No, we're not doing that. You messaged me. I called because I want to know why. What do you want? I'm not a stripper anymore." Will didn't know why he felt it was necessary to say the last line, but it came out. He wanted Hannibal to desire him without the jealousy that had previously tainted all of their interactions.

Hannibal inhaled sharply. " I mean what I said, all of it. I admit that I was rather possessive of you, but the reasons why still remain the same. Your beauty has only been enhanced over the years. You're happier, Will. Some of that old jealousy...I want to be a part of your happiness. I wish to please you again. I can't get your face from that night out from behind my eyes. You are gorgeous in the throes of passion."

Will found himself blushing. " I think about it a lot, too." He'd promised himself and Beverly to be honest with Hannibal. Otherwise, they'd both just end up hurt again. " That last night," he clarified.

" Will you allow me to visit you? I think this conversation would be one best had in person. It would be my pleasure to take you out for dinner." Even though it was past two in the morning now and Will had woken Hannibal from sleep, the man was poised and polite. Will was almost angry at how in control the doctor sounded.

" I…hmm," Will stuttered, unsure of how to answer. He didn't want to seem desperate for Hannibal's attention. It had been too long since he had been in a situation where feelings were reciprocated. " Yeah, okay. When would you come down?"

" This weekend?" Will was momentarily shocked by the haste that Hannibal was acting with. His surprise quieted when he remembered the man's previous devotion to him. Will tried to remember what day it was, how long it would be before he had to face Hannibal. The doctor

seemed to realize the cause for his anxiety-fueled silence. “ It’s technically Wednesday morning now. Would you prefer that I fly down on Friday or Saturday?”

“ I work late on Fridays. Saturday is better.” It sounded like they were making plans for a business lunch.

“ Is this your cell phone number? If you don’t mind, I’ll text you when I should be getting in. We can meet at a restaurant for a late lunch.”

“ I can pick you up from the airport,” Will quickly offered. “ Yeah, uh, this is my cell. Just text me when I should come get you. The cabs down here are awful.”

Will thought he could almost hear Hannibal smirk in Baltimore. “ Thank you for the kind offer, William. However, I have patients in the morning and must get some sleep. I will text you once I book my flight. Sweet dreams.”

Will stared at the screen of his phone for a good twenty minutes before he remembered to text Beverly.

hes coming on saturday for lunch. fuck.

On Thursday, Beverly came over for dinner. He grilled freshly caught sea bass to be served with rice and carrots. She brought over a homemade lemon meringue pie. Brian and Jimmy would’ve joined them if it wasn’t Thirsty Thursday for the local college, but Will knew that Beverly was all the support he really needed.

“ Are you going to be okay, Will?,” she asked after finishing up the last of her filet. Most of their meal was had around mindless chatter. It was too hot out, gas prices were expensive, how were the dogs? Beverly could only wait so long before getting down to the real issue at hand. This dinner was meant to be a pep talk.

Will looked to his left, out the bay window and to where the sun still hung proudly over the endless sea. The days were long now, Will’s nights made shorter by his inability to sleep. He’d been tossing and turning since receiving Hannibal’s message. Now that he had a date, a time that the doctor would be in front of him, his insomnia was getting out of hand. At noon on Saturday, Will was going to be waiting in the atrium of the airport. He wouldn’t bring a sign. Hannibal would recognize him anywhere. They wouldn’t be like all the other couples reunited--no kisses, dramatic hugs, or flowers.

It really was easier if he considered this to be a business meeting.

Swallowing a mouthful of cheap white wine, Will nodded solemnly. “ Just having trouble sleeping. It’s been *years*, Bev.” He could feel his eyes glaze over, knew how he must have seemed like a lovesick puppy.

Will realized that he couldn’t rely on false pretenses anymore. If he was lying to his friends, it was only going to make being honest with Hannibal that more difficult. “ We weren’t lovers,

you know. I wasn't a fucking bartender. I stripped for over a decade." He stopped, trying to gauge her reaction. To Beverly's credit, she seemed shocked but not betrayed. " He was a regular. I tried to seduce him, it worked. Hannibal would pay for me every Wednesday night. He'd beat me for being a whore, we'd fuck, and I'd stay the night. He'd make me breakfast. Every Wednesday for a year."

" He… abused you? Will, I don't think this is such a good idea," Beverly was frowning. She wasn't upset with Will, just concerned. " I'm sorry, Will. I just--why would you still want to get in contact with him?"

" When I told him I was moving away, that night was different. He was jealous, that's why he beat me. It's not right, but I don't think he felt like there was another option. I let him adore me that last night and it was...I've never been loved like that before." Will had a hard time looking up from the stem of his wine glass now. He wished that he wouldn't have opened his mouth. Will imagined he would be feeling very much the same on Saturday afternoon. He took a deep breath and harnessed his courage that had previously allowed him to call Hannibal.

" I was scared of it. He has such passion, Bev," Will's voice was alight with reverence as he met her eyes. " I didn't know how to react to his love for me. So I ran. Dancing for people, belonging to every man and woman at the club--I didn't feel worthy of that kind of admiration. That's why I let him beat me. I felt like I had deserved it. I know it sounds pathological, but I'm in a better place here. I know I am a good person. I love myself here, in this house. I can make room for Hannibal now, where I couldn't before."

Will wasn't sure where the explanation had come from--these were words that he hadn't admitted to himself previously. Beverly gave him a hesitant smile, reached out to rub his knuckles with her hand. " Thanks for telling me that, Will. It must have been hard to share."

He was always shocked with how she could sound therapeutic and comforting without being patronizing.

" If you feel like you're ready for this, and that he is what is good for you, I won't say no. But I would like to know where you are. You know, just text me. I don't want you hurt again, Will. Love or not, you don't deserve abuse."

Will shifted his hand on top of hers and squeezed reassuringly. " I will, Bev. Thanks for understanding. Means the world to me, you know."

As they finished eating dinner and moved on to dessert, Will divulged his dam of secrets about his past life. There were many stories about his days on the pole, and Beverly wasn't ashamed to beg for the details. She asked for pictures and he dug up a photo on his phone of him and Matthew dancing together. He talked at length about Matthew, the romantic relationship they'd had and then the fun they had enjoyed together as co-workers.

" So you only like older or younger men, then?," she teased as they washed the dishes.

When Beverly finally left for the night, Will felt exhausted. He reclined on his bed, contemplating texting Hannibal. The last message he'd received was concerning the doctor's

flight. He'd responded with a *see you then*, unsure of what else to say.

Now, Will's cup was brimming over with words to be spoken. He had half a bottle of wine in his system, albeit dulled by dinner. Hannibal hadn't texted him back after the confirmation, so why should he provoke this again? Wasn't this about Hannibal taking initiative?

Will, as it turned out, was too impatient to wait for the older man.

looking forward to saturday

He paused with his thumbs hovering over the next words. The things he'd wanted to say for so many nights were under his tongue, trembling in his digits.

cant stop thinking about you

Will hit *Send* before he could regret his decision and set the phone beside him on the bed before rolling onto his side. He watched as the screen dimmed and then went dark. He set an alarm for the morning and closed his eyes. Hannibal wouldn't reply. Maybe he was already asleep.

There was an insistent buzzing beside him and Will woke with a start. He reached for his phone jerkily, glancing at the time. He'd fallen asleep for half an hour and there was a message from Hannibal.

Will had to swipe at the stupid touch screen three times before the text opened up.

Thinking what about me?

The timestamp was two minutes ago. Will didn't want to seem overly eager.

the usual

Will hadn't lost any of his old flirtatiousness, as it turned out. Beverly had been convinced that he was incapable of seduction the last time that they'd visited a club together, but the quality had simply been hiding. He waited another five minutes before actually sending the text. Hannibal's reply was much quicker.

Care to elaborate, William?

And Will could hear so clearly his name sliding off Hannibal's tongue. This wouldn't be the first time that he masturbated to the thought of the older man--his strong arms and rough voice. It would be his first time sexting said man through the process.

your voice

Will dipped his hand below the waistband of his boxers, beginning to palm the beginning of arousal he found there. He closed his eyes, picturing Hannibal looming over him until the phone buzzed upon his chest again.

Would you like me to call?

The offer was tempting. Will could pant into the phone, let Hannibal know *exactly* what he thought of the older man. But they were trying to ease back into things--going on a lunch date, communicating politely. Will hesitated to throw away the cordial act and descend into the pure lust that had been the crux of their prior relationship.

Will decided that he wouldn't indulge in Hannibal's voice, but that didn't mean he had to abstain from getting off.

too busy to talk, guess ill wait until saturday

He began to stroke his shaft, thinking about what pompous suit Hannibal would probably wear. It'd be tailored and when he sat down for lunch he'd unbutton his suit jacket with the flick of a wrist--the same motion he'd handled Will's cock with. Will thought of Hannibal sitting in first class on some flight, the way he would lift the champagne glass with such care. His lips would be wet with the alcohol afterwards. Will could almost taste them.

When his phone buzzed again, Will whined. His cock was leaking precum and he was loathe to release it. But this was Hannibal, and he'd already dug himself too deep. He picked up the phone with his left hand, awkwardly opening up the message.

Sounds like your imagination has suited your needs for quite some time. Would you care for any help?

Will could practically feel Hannibal's weight on him. He would pin Will down, his teeth would wear bruises into Will's neck, draw moans from his vocal cords. Hannibal could play Will like a finely tuned instrument, and Will knew this from the one night that they had engaged in mutual pleasure. Will knew that if he let Hannibal have him, he would be ravished at every opportunity. In the moment, he could allow himself to picture it.

how would you help me?

His hand were trembling as he sent the message, the other working over his own body. Will pinched his left nipple, imagining Hannibal's fingers instead of his own. He drew the hand down his navel, skipping over his cock, and rubbed at his perineum. Suddenly he was desperate for something more than his work-roughened hands. He grappled at his nightstand, yanking open the drawer and fumbling at its contents.

With the hard, unyielding plastic slicked up and pressed against his hole, Will's phone buzzed once more. He grunted in frustration, dropping the toy to the sheets between his thighs. All he could hope for was that Hannibal would give him something to work off of, instead of dancing around the arousing descriptions. It was Will's fault to begin with--he'd started the waltz.

Any way you'd like. My hands or my mouth. Or would you like something more?

Will whined and it was a thin sound, lost in the humid air of his bedroom. He needed something more.

would like all of you

He pressed the dildo against himself again. The burning stretch satiated the carnal need he felt in the pit of his stomach. Will pushed his hips back against the cold length, taking more inside himself. This wasn't really what he wanted--the toy could never offer the same warm heaviness that Hannibal's cock gave to him. His wrist could never imitate the snap of the doctor's hips. But Will still moaned, and eagerly fisted his erection as he began to work the dildo in and out of his body with his other hand.

Will was working himself steadily to his climax, the warmth from his stomach spreading into a pressure that tugged at the base of his spine, weighing down his pelvis. He was groaning openly, writhing back on the toy. His wrist ached and the phone had vibrated against his chest once more, but Will was gone. He was thinking of Hannibal's touch on him, recalling any old memories associated with pleasure in order to tip him over the edge.

Once he found his prostate with the blunt end of the toy, Will felt himself circling the drain. His chest heaved and the muscles in his forearm twitched before stilling, shoving the dildo deep inside himself as orgasm left his body. It wasn't the sensation he craved--the release was short lived and left his stomach and ass feeling sticky. There were no waves of pleasure, no wash cloth loving rubbed over his debauched form. Just sweat, semen, and lube cooling on his skin.

He reached for a few Kleenex and cleaned one hand to open up the last text that had gone unopened while his mind was foggy.

You know I would give you everything, Will.

Will smiled fondly. He didn't know if Hannibal had figured out what had happened in his bed, but it wasn't important anymore. The brief euphoria from his orgasm was fading and Will felt his wits coming back to him. He was going to be having lunch with Hannibal in less than two days. Hannibal was still offering Will the world and he didn't know how to let the real man in, not the fictitious image that he projected in his dreams.

thank you

sweet dreams, hannibal

Bloodstream

Chapter Summary

Will picks Hannibal up from the airport and they grab lunch.

Chapter Notes

ok so I know that this was supposed to have the porn in it but it doesn't because I needed them to have a proper meeting and it got to be 3k words so I figured I would just separate the porn and this since I probably am going to take awhile to write it (I'm so sorry guys, i'm studying for my mcat and it's coming up in two weeks omfg)

as always, hannibalsketches is my trusty beta that makes me cry with her brilliance. any remaining mistakes are my own.

any criticism is awesome and appreciated <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I think I might've inhaled you
I can feel you behind my eyes
You've gotten into my bloodstream
I can feel you flowing in me
--Bloodstream, Stateless

On Fridays, Will repaired the boats of those that took weekend trips into town. Routine maintenance, the occasional motor to take apart, and recent props that had been damaged by debris from rising waters. Customers wanted their boats back before Saturday, so Will often stayed in until midnight. His manager made sure that the trailers could be hauled out by their respective owners in the morning. Will never directly dealt with the customers. He didn't care about their visiting family members, how the dog had scratched up the leather seats, or how expensive gas was on the water. Will had done enough listening at the strip club. In the marina, he only had to work with hard, unyielding metal. His days of patronizing people with too much money and not enough company were over.

When he finally returned to his house near the water, Will let the dogs out for some time and made sure they were properly fed and watered. He always felt guilty about returning late at night.

Will tried to sleep--he really did. It was past one in the morning and Hannibal's flight would be in at eleven thirty. The airport traffic would be terrible, he'd have to find a parking spot and then make his way through the cluster of families and passengers. It would be a nightmare, but Will was certain that even a restless sleep would be better than spending the hours worrying about things he couldn't control.

He thought about calling Hannibal. This morning, Will had woken up well rested. The orgasm that had been so slowly drawn from his body was more rewarding than usual. Warmth radiated from his belly and his head had swam with visions of nights long past. Will would sleep with his head pillowed against Hannibal's chest, arm draped bonelessly over his torso. Occasionally, Hannibal ran long fingers through Will's damp curls. Blunt fingernails would scratch over his scalp, followed closely by waves of sleep.

Texting Hannibal had offered a similar aura of contentment. It was such an easy solution to the insomnia that he had faced all of his life. Will desperately wished to seek out that tranquility, but was again reminded of Hannibal's jealousy and possessiveness.

The few character traits that Will had discovered of Hannibal were not exactly positive. He needed to take Hannibal apart like one of his boat motors, see what made him work. Will could analyze whether the components were stable, if they would work on choppy waters just as well as calm seas. He couldn't throw himself into a ship repeatedly if he wasn't sure it would keep him afloat--not even for a day trip.

Will had to maintain his resolve until he had the opportunity to get to know Hannibal better. After years of denying his desire for the doctor, Will had to admit that he didn't exactly know what he was pining after. Sure, he knew Hannibal physically; he could map every bump, scar, and nick in the doctor's skin just as well as his own.

Their relationship needed to be more than physical. Will needed more from Hannibal.

Within twenty-four hours, he would find out what exactly it was that Hannibal wanted to offer him.

Will slept for two hours. He drifted off some time after the sun rose and jerked awake at eight when Buster licked his bare foot. He let the dogs out and leisurely cooked and ate breakfast. His shower was hot but short. Will tried hard to just throw on his usual outfit, but found himself inspecting every article of clothing that he put on. The slacks were his best fitting pair of pants. The shirt was a deep navy, similar in color to his favorite underwear that he used to wear. Hannibal had murmured into his ear one night that the color brought out his eyes. Will hoped that the sentiment remained.

His new, shorter hair didn't require nearly as much maintenance to tame it, so Will spent that time trimming his stubble down to something more resemblant of the man he'd been during his stripping days. A quick glance in the mirror left him more confident than he'd been in months. Will knew he had to drag himself out of the house now or he'd worry about his appearance all morning instead of actually picking Hannibal up from the airport.

By the time Will got to the receiving area, it was fifteen after eleven. He checked the route of Hannibal's plane on his phone from his place on an uncomfortable bench. The cold plastic was hard and not exactly shaped for the contours of a body as much as style. The flight was on time.

With twenty or so minutes to kill, Will shifted nervously. He contemplated the cleanliness of his car, his home, any stray piece of evidence that might suggest that he was no longer worthy of Hannibal's affection. Immediately, he felt like an idiot for the doubt that crept into his mind. The pompous doctor wouldn't waste his time or money on a trip to the Middle of Nowhere, Florida, if he didn't consider Will to be worth it.

" Will?"

He started, eyes snapping open and neck craning upwards. Hannibal was standing beside him, spine ramrod straight and the corners of his lips turned into a barely restrained smile. His suit was slate gray, without its usual plaid pattern. The thick knot of his tie was the same hue of Will's shirt, silky in texture. Will's eyes settled on the maroon irises that stared down at him in anticipation, maintaining eye contact. He stood, the feline movement a reminder of his previous profession.

" Hannibal, I--" Will was going to apologize for losing himself in thought. He was going to say something about how a normal suit looked much better on him, was going to maybe touch Hannibal's forearm. All of his thoughts were silenced when a large hand came to the small of his back, drawing him close. A high-pitched huff escaped his lips, the subsequent breath he attempted to inhale was cut off by lips against his own. The kiss was gentle, with an undertone of desperation. It was chaste; a tongue licked sweet honey upon his lower lip and then parted. Hannibal made a sound close to a snarl as they separated.

" I've missed you," Hannibal murmured sincerely, keeping his hand firm at the base of Will's spine. He was hesitant to glance away from the doctor's face--surely there were onlookers. This was a spectacle. Hannibal was attempting to lay a claim on Will. In the airport.

Some things hadn't changed.

There was a thud of baggage hitting the tiles and Hannibal's other hand came to cup Will's jaw, thumb stroking thoughtfully over his stubble. " Are you hungry, Will?" Hannibal's tone was genuinely curious, but strained. It was evident that Hannibal wished to do much more than kiss Will.

" Yeah, uh, let me help you with your bag?" Will was desperate for something to hold onto. He was sure that he would do something stupid like grab Hannibal's hand if his limbs were left idle. When Hannibal made no move to stop him, Will picked up the carry-on. It was all that the older man had brought and the bag was expensive, supple leather and firm handholds.

As they made their way to the parking garage, Will didn't miss the looks directed their way. He was younger than Hannibal, by over a decade, and the man's hand was hovering possessively around Will's upper arm, his side, and the hip closest to him. Will didn't dare bring his eyes back to Hannibal's face--he wasn't confident in his ability to resist kissing the

doctor again--but he was sure that there would be a frown there, one that would inevitably vanish when they were alone again.

Hannibal's upper lip curled at the sight of Will's car. It wasn't a piece of junk due to Will's mechanical skills, but the paint was chipping and the interior was outdated. Thankfully, he hadn't left any remnants of trips to fast food restaurants. Will popped the trunk and set the bag inside carefully. It was probably more expensive than his vehicle.

" You look well." Will turned to glance at Hannibal briefly as he backed out of his parking space. Hannibal was smiling again. His legs were spread, and he relaxed back into the seat. He obviously felt in control of the situation, even in Will's car. " I made reservations at a restaurant in town." Hannibal proceeded to direct Will to the outskirts of town. The brick buildings joined at the seams, only the difference in their coloration illustrating where one ended and another began.

Will parked in a small lot behind the set of buildings, placing a handful of quarters into the meter. Hannibal was waiting patiently for Will by the hood of the car. Will followed obediently when the older man made his way down the sidewalk. He felt younger around Hannibal, and a little bit lost. This was unexplored territory.

Hannibal stopped abruptly, turning to face Will with a small smile before he opened an old door. The stain was a deep mahogany, but the schlack was fading. Will could tell from the periodic water stains that were creeping in on the edges. A bell rang as they entered.

The food was French, with the occasional dish that reminded Will of his childhood. Their wine came quickly, a selection apparently preordained by Hannibal. Will requested the seafood gumbo, noticing the twitch of displeasure in Hannibal's lips. The doctor ordered in French and Will rolled his eyes.

" The shirt suits you." Hannibal was appraising him, eyes searching for the minute changes in Will. He seemed pleased with Will, happy with the color that his skin had been afforded with his change in profession, content enough with the shorter hair. Truly, not much had changed between the two of them.

Hannibal still admired how that particular shade of blue brought out the color in Will's eyes.

Will didn't want to gaze at each other dumbly, to play around small talk when there were more important things to converse about. He wanted this to be a viable option for his future, but there had to be proof.

" Why did you come to visit me, Hannibal?" Will brought the glass of wine to his lips. It was an aged red, far too expensive. He couldn't taste the subtleties that Hannibal had probably chosen it for. It warmed his chest and Will puckered his lips when the tart aftertaste stuck to his tongue.

Hannibal cocked his head at an angle, inhaling softly. His movements were deliberate and practiced. " In hopes that you would allow me the pleasure of getting to know you."

Will watched Hannibal sip at his wine after breathing it in. He savored the taste with eyes shut. His cheekbones were slatted with light that broke in through the blinds at the front of the restaurant. Will watched hungrily as Hannibal's Adam's apple bobbed, followed by the slow opening of his eyes. The wine was savored, just as Will would be. Hannibal thought of him as a worthwhile investment, with small character traits that would compliment what the doctor had to offer to their partnership.

Will could see that Hannibal was trying to feel out whether he was a proper pairing to the older man's opulent life.

" You… made very adept statements about me during our last night together," Will said carefully. Hannibal's observations had been suspicious, but Will never questioned them. " What else are you curious about?"

Hannibal smiled guiltily. " I'm afraid I was desperate for any reason to have you stay."

" Stay where?"

" Well, in Baltimore. I wished you would stay in my bed for the night again, that you would stay with me."

Will wasn't necessarily surprised by the answer. He knew of Hannibal's possessiveness. What did catch him off guard was the way that Hannibal's throat constricted around the word 'bed', how his maroon irises were momentarily cast downward when Hannibal admitted that he desired Will's companionship.

" I need to know more about you, Hannibal. About what I'm getting myself into."

Their food came and Will fumbled with the napkin, smoothing it across his lap. The bowl set in front of him was steaming. Will could glimpse white rice barely visible under the thick soup. The spicy aroma was probably negatively impacting Hannibal's dining experience, but Will's mouth was watering. He didn't hesitate to dig into his own food.

Hannibal was carefully cutting a piece of meat--maybe veal--when Will finally looked at him. The doctor's plate was artfully arranged. There were flowers and greens, as well as a reduction of some sort streaked about the oblong contour of white ceramic. Will had taken three hearty bites of his own food and glanced down at it. There had probably been some reason to the design in Will's bowl, but it had been destroyed in his hunger.

" What do you wish to know, Will?" With a sweep of fork and knife, Hannibal took a delicate bite of his food. The movement of his jaw was slow He was waiting for Will's answer.

Will thought of the little he knew about Hannibal. He was a psychiatrist, wealthy, and clearly lonely. The breakfasts that he'd fixed in the morning were always lavish and delicious. Hannibal's choice in restaurant only reaffirmed Will's belief that cooking was a major hobby. Psychiatry wasn't a demanding profession, there had to be more to Hannibal's life.

" What do you do for fun?" Will smiled wryly before adding on his stipulation. " Besides cooking. You're obviously a snob for food."

Hannibal gave him a pointed glance when he took another bite of gumbo. “ I am a fan of the opera. I enjoy supporting local art galas and charity events. You are correct in assuming my penchant for the culinary arts.”

Will nodded, satisfied with the answer. Hannibal had hobbies, morals, and probably enjoyed drinking with a book by the fire just as much as he thrived on the attention from his peers at high society events. His was a refined life, with moments of calm, but Hannibal was getting bored. Will understood that.

Even with his new friends, life in Florida was growing dull. His routine was without end, there were no end goals in sight. Hannibal could offer more, but at what price?

“ We have to talk about it,” Will started awkwardly, setting his spoon back into the bowl. He nervously ran his hands over the cloth on his lap again. “ Why you hit me. I can’t pretend like all those nights never happened. The last night was so different, and that’s the you that I want, Hannibal, but you beat me.”

To Hannibal’s credit, he didn’t flinch. “ You already know why. Your observations on others are astute, Will.” He purposefully cut another morsel of food and took the bite after gathering some greens onto his fork as well. “ I will humor you, though. I can understand that you may not trust your own judgement.”

They watched each other for awhile, Hannibal taking carefully portioned bites of his meal while Will tried to consume as much wine as he could while still being appropriate. Will was desperate for reassurance, no matter how poor it might be. Hannibal took a breath.

“ You are something to be cherished, Will. Jealousy is truly a monster, and it consumed me. I couldn’t bring myself to look away from others touching you, but I also couldn’t allow it. The violence was irrational. I apologize.” Hannibal’s voice was nearly gravel at this point. He was not comfortable with speaking his emotions, but this was an exception. Will was an exception.

“ I wanted to cleanse you of their dirt, ingrain myself into you. I was blinded by passion, deafened by envy, and I know that you deserve to make your own decisions. You deserve to assess my qualities.”

Will watched with apprehension when Hannibal’s hand moved across the table. With elbow impolitely resting upon the wood, Hannibal allowed their fingers to intertwine. “ I care deeply for you, Will Graham. Your beauty is surpassed by none, in mind and body. I understand if you don’t forgive my behavior, but I will never strike you again. I care too much for your comfort and happiness.”

Will gave a watery smile, lips trembling. Hannibal’s thumb caressed Will’s knuckles. It was a gentle movement, an assurance of the older man’s sincerity. Sure, he’d had men call him pretty, hot, sexy, and beautiful, but never with a genuine interest of his well being. Never with respect to anything besides his body. And here was Hannibal, his own exception. He’d been enamored with the foreign concept of this man. Now he was desperate to break down the walls they’d built between one another.

Clientele.

An object to be cleansed and possessed.

They were no longer restricted by those boundaries, and Will felt giddy at the realization. “ Yes,” he murmured preemptively. His own hand grasped Hannibal’s more firmly, squeezing. “ I want to get to know you, to let you know me. In time, not by spilling our life stories. You’ve always been different, I knew from the start.”

Will slipped his hand away and began to eat again, content with how their arrangement was progressing. He nudged the toe of his shoe against Hannibal’s ankle under the table, feeling the way the man bristled at the sudden loss of contact. “ I used to be scared,” Will admitted with his eyes trained on a piece of shrimp. “ I’m ready though, for something new. I can’t keep running away from things, and I can’t just stay the same. My life down here is different, better, but it needs something.”

He was momentarily flashing back to the last conversation they’d had together, where Will had assured Hannibal this wasn’t some romantic film. That they wouldn’t fit together. He was eating his own words. “ I know I sound stupid, fucking changing my mind about everything, but it’s been a long time coming. You were a catalyst in my life. I needed to leave that place, and you made me. I tried to convince myself that I could survive without romantic inclinations, but your message shot that idea out of the water. I thought all along that I was the one making first moves, but Hannibal, you’ve been changing me. We can make it work, yeah?” His tone had become something shy of desperate.

“ We will make it work,” Hannibal assured. He leaned over the table to kiss Will and the younger man was shocked to laughter by the absurd uncouthness.

When their check came, Will did not attempt to fight Hannibal’s payment. He was certain that there would be many opportunities for restitution.

Chapter End Notes

join me on tumblr for more shenanigans

Stand Still

Chapter Summary

Will & Hannibal make up for lost time.

Chapter Notes

IT'S DONE. I PROMISED YOU AN ENDING AND HERE IT IS.

Not beta-read, let me know of any mistakes! hope that this porn is what you guys wanted, and that the ending is satisfactory in it's optimism!

also, this whole series started with Flight Facilities, might as well end with them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

”Back into your arms like there's no lost time,
Back in your mouth like a love crime.”
Stand Still, Flight Facilities ft. Micky Green

Hannibal insisted on driving and Will didn’t have the energy to protest. It was going to be at least an hour back to his place, and he truly hadn’t slept well. The wine had dispersed the exhaustion into Will’s muscles, weighing his body down as he curled into the car seat. Hannibal had GPS on his phone. Will felt comfortable letting him behind the well-worn steering wheel after typing in his address.

As difficult as it had been, Will had to acknowledge that Hannibal had changed him. In the past, Will wouldn’t allow someone to pay for his dinner. He wouldn’t find himself at an airport, desperate to feel the touch of another upon his skin. For certain, he wouldn’t have sounded absolutely pitiful as he admitted that he desired to be in a relationship.

But here they were.

Will pressed his forehead to the cool glass of the window. It had started to drizzle about ten minutes into the drive and he was quickly lulled by the rhythmic sweeping of the windshield wipers, the light pattering of rain against the glass. Hannibal had fiddled with the radio until finding a classical station. The volume was low. Will counted his own breaths. He slept.

When he woke, it was to a firm hand on his shoulder. Will started, glancing up to where Hannibal was smiling at him. The fog of his nap was clearing, as well as the buzz from the wine. He winced as the spindly numbness of sleep receding from his fingertips, the arm crushed between his torso and the door.

As he shifted into a sitting position, Will grimaced at the line of drool that had pasted itself to his face. He quickly went to wipe it away, only to find himself wrapped in an unfamiliar warmth. The wool was soft and pleasant against his skin.

“ How did you--”

“ You were shivering, and your heat doesn’t work. I stopped on a shoulder and covered you up.”

Will instinctively clutched the fabric tighter before his eyes widened in embarrassment. He shrugged out of the coat-turned-blanket and handed it back to Hannibal before realizing that they were in a parking lot, and definitely not at his home by the water. “ Um, did you get lost? Where are we?”

Hannibal raised a brow and opened the driver side door. It had stopped raining.

Will scowled when he saw the familiar brick framework of the bar. “ What did Beverly say to you?”

“ She texted me yesterday evening, informing me that my presence was required at this location prior to returning to your home.” Hannibal shut his car door and turned to face Will, a smile in his eyes as the sunlight shone upon his skin. He wasn’t displeased to be integrated into Will’s life so quickly. The younger male was almost positive that this was an imposter of the man that had once commandeered his body with strength and power, laid claim to him with tooth and nail. They had rarely seen each other so clearly, in the light of day.

Hannibal’s hand found it’s way to the small of Will’s back as they walked up the steps and under the wooden awning. Will had helped Brian stain it last summer, and the sun was bleaching color from wood once more. He reached for the door, only to find Hannibal’s hand on the knob first, pulling it open for him.

Will stepped into the threshold, wiping his shoes on the doormat and giving Jimmy a stern look. He appeared to be the only one in--taking inventory and cutting up various fruits for the evening.

“ Hey, don’t look at me that way!,” the bartender whined, hands up in surrender. He turned to glance at Hannibal as the door swung shut with a chime of the bell overhead. Jimmy’s devious smile was enough for Will to make a noise of exasperation as he stepped up to the bar.

“ Where is she?”

Will could hear the noise of shoes moving quickly up the stairs from the cellar. Hannibal had moved closer to him, hand once again resting on his shoulder. He didn’t exactly know what

to make of Hannibal's open affection except for residual jealousy. Jimmy popped the cap off of a beer and slid the bottle to Will. He took a large swig just as the door to the basement swung open.

" Will, what a surprise! And who is this?!" Beverly's enthusiasm and smile quickly turned into a pout when she noticed that Will was trying his best to stare a hole through her. She faced Hannibal, strode so that she was standing within a foot of him, with one hand on her hip and the other offered in greeting. " You were supposed to coerce him into thinking it was *his* idea to come here."

Hannibal chuckled while Will sank his chin to the bar top with another groan. " I won't be coercing Will, Ms. Katz. It is a pleasure to meet you."

Will felt a stupid grin work its way onto his face, and maybe the wine hadn't entirely faded from his system yet. Hannibal was not only being honest with him, but with Beverly. She had probably warned the doctor, and this meeting was to reinforce the implied threat. " No, he just let me fall asleep and then drove me here!"

" You were very tired," Hannibal pointed out to Will's chagrin. Beverly's stoicness melted into a new smile. " Now, Ms. Katz, I've read that you brew your own stores here. I have dabbled in the art myself, but would love to taste your work."

Beverly's eyes lit up and she eagerly started to explain her process while guiding Hannibal back down from where she'd came. Hannibal had a charming aura, one that he had once drawn Will in with. It wasn't a surprise that the doctor was repeating the process with Beverly, and Will wasn't entirely bothered. He wanted his friends to like Hannibal, to see that he had good qualities.

Will turned back to Jimmy and rolled his eyes, taking another sip of the beer. It was half gone, and so were his nerves. That backstory he'd wanted, the new life he'd craved for the two of them--it was here, looking him in the eye. Will, a boat mechanic, and Hannibal the psychiatrist. He could easily move his practice down here, would make new connections in the local high society, brew with Beverly, cook for the gang instead of having greasy lunches at the diner. Will could even teach him how to--

"--in there, Will?" He jumped when Jimmy poked his nose, knocking his glasses askew. " I was *saying*: you really do clean up well! I can't believe you didn't try this earlier, when Bev was trying to hook you up. But that Hannibal, he's a looker. You were right, very gaunt, but I can see it. I bet he has great arms, doesn't he? You know, that's why I love Bri--"

" Jimmy," Will interrupted. He'd brought his chin off of the lacquered wood in order to sit up more fully. The remnants of Hannibal's touch were crackling on his shoulder. " Did Beverly say exactly what she wanted with him?"

Jimmy smiled sympathetically, grasping Will's right forearm and squeezing it gently. " Bev took his number out of your phone when we were all getting drunk, that night you called him. She told me what you two talked about, what he did to you. We were worried, okay? Didn't want you going home with someone who didn't have your best interests in mind."

“ Thank you,” Will said sincerely. These friendships he had were valuable. They had become his family, and he was grateful. “ He’s changed. We both have. I wouldn’t let him, ah--let him do that kind of thing to me again.”

They talked about the affairs of the bar for a little bit, Jimmy informing Will that Brian was holed up in the back office doing inventory paperwork. Beverly’s microbrews were becoming increasingly popular not only with the locals but the tourist crowd. There had been recent discussion of even using the old kitchen attached to the building for something other than storage, perhaps they’d renovate into a pub with food as well.

The door from the cellar opened again, cracking against the brick wall. Will smiled when Hannibal winced. “ I keep telling them to put a door stop there, but Brian is convinced that someone is gonna trip over it after getting plastered,” Beverly was saying.

Hannibal waved dismissively at the apology, he was still smiling. Will settled back into his seat, watching the way that the two interacted. The doctor was praising her work, but the words were meaningless in Will’s ears. He listened to the lilt of Hannibal’s voice, watching the minute gestures he made. With his suit jacket folded pretentiously over one arm, Hannibal exuded power. It was an echo of how he’d sat in the back of the club for a year. Legs akimbo, a confident hand cradling a tumbler of scotch the way that he would soon handle Will’s hips. Hannibal had expected Will’s attention for an exchange of bill in the past. Now, the doctor would receive what he desired without the need for monetary incentive.

Will emptied his beer bottle and slipped from the stool.

He moved up next to Hannibal, letting his fingertips make brief contact with the other’s palm. This was what he didn’t allow himself at the airport. This touch, the contact, was what he was craving. Will’s skin felt charged with need and his blood warm with alcohol. Hannibal was talking about the seasonal beer that Beverly had made. Will allowed his fingers to more fully touch Hannibal’s, slotting in between them. He squeezed lightly, pressing the heels of their palms together.

“ What do you think?,” Will asked with a smirk, gesturing to Hannibal as if he was a game show prize with his free hand.

Beverly snorted out a laugh. “ He’s great, Will. Better conversation than you are.” Will swatted at her arm. “ You should dress up more often.”

Hannibal looked far too pleased with himself, and Will suddenly felt like he was the only one completely frustrated with this situation. He was happy that his friends approved of Hannibal. He also wanted to go home and reacquaint himself with the repressed desire he held for the man beside him.

Will ran a nail down the inside of Hannibal’s palm, hoping that the other male would go along with his suggestions. “ Well, I hate to be the one to interrupt your lively discussion of alcohol, but I think that Hannibal’s flight was a bit tiring and I want him to meet the rest of the family.”

Beverly wasn't fazed. " Uh-huh, go on home and get out of your clothes, Will. You've waited long enough."

A blush had risen high on his cheeks when Will attempted to remove them from the situation and it quickly deepened as Beverly spoke, streaking down his neck. Jimmy was snickering and shaking his head as Beverly ushered the pair to the door, smacking Will's butt on the way out. He whipped around and mouthed " I hate you," to her as Hannibal said a terse goodbye.

They walked back to the car, asphalt dry under their feet from the sun's reappearance. Will climbed into the driver's seat this time, looking at Hannibal expectantly once they were inside and the engine was running. " Well? Terrified of what you've gotten yourself into yet?"

" Your friends are very protective. That's not a bad thing, Will." Hannibal moved a hand to grasp one of Will's once more. They were both smiling, because the situation was surreal. " They have large personalities."

Will chuckled and shifted the car out of park with his free, pulling out of the lot. " That's one way to put it."

The trip home wasn't longer than fifteen minutes, but Will felt himself sobering quickly. This was happening. Hannibal had come to Florida and they were going back to his home, where he would allow the doctor into his bed and possibly--maybe--his heart.

He could hear the dogs from where the car idled in the driveway. Hannibal had an amused look on his face. " I thought you only had two?"

" Well, there were a lot of strays down here when I first moved."

The car doors slammed shut and Will hurried up to the door, indicating that Hannibal should stay behind. When he unlocked the front door, his pack swarmed out around his legs, before noticing that there was someone new to greet. Hannibal didn't seem bothered, offering his palms for the canines to sniff and nuzzle into, despite the fur that began to stick to his slacks. After each dog had been placated and trotted off to the beach, Hannibal looked back up to where Will was standing on the porch. " And now?"

" There's not that many." Will couldn't help that the smile never left his face. There was some residual fear in the pit of his stomach, but for the most part he was excited. He had waited so long for this opportunity, had denied himself the chance for true affection over two years ago in Baltimore.

Hannibal joined him on the porch and they entered his home without any fanfare. At this point, Will wasn't looking to give a tour, or to sit and talk again. He was itching to make up for lost time. The bed was in the corner of the spacious living room, becoming increasingly inviting by the minute. Will gravitated to the comfortable mattress like a mosquito to the light.

Instead of joining him, Hannibal settled into an armchair adjacent to the bed. The repetition in the movements wasn't lost on Will, but he didn't want to have their last night again. This was a different time, place, and they had both changed. He didn't need to dance for Hannibal. There was no room for the past in between them.

Will settled onto the edge of the bed, beginning to kick of his shoes. " I'm not gonna dance for you, Hannibal." He kept his eyes on the laces that his fingers were loosening.

" I--" Hannibal stopped short and Will glanced up. He watched the doctor stand, then take both of his hands as the shoes dropped to the floor. " I only want you. Whatever you decide to give me."

Hannibal looked like he was about to kneel. Will pulled his hands away from the other's grasp, bringing them up to cup the strong jawline. Their eyes met and he felt a molten heat uncoil in his groin. " I'd give you anything."

The kiss was harsh. Raw emotion spilled out of each of them as Will scrambled back over the duvet, his shirt riding up an inch. Hannibal surged over his body, wedging a knee between his trembling thighs. Their tongues and hips undulated in time. Will loosened his grip on Hannibal's face, ridding himself of glasses and sliding his hands between their bodies in order to unbutton his own shirt. When they parted to shed their respective clothing, Will's breathing was labored. He glanced to where Hannibal was tossing his tie aside, without a care for the wrinkles that would be in the fabric come morning.

Will wetted his lips, naked long before Hannibal was. His outfit was admittedly simple. He crawled forward on the bed, not shy about laying his body bare for the other man.

Hannibal had his trousers pulled down to mid thigh, boxer briefs left yet untouched. He halted his movements when Will approached, curling a hand in the short ashen hair while the other rested on a broad chest, fingers scratching the coarse curls beneath. This was only the second time he was seeing Hannibal naked. Will brought their lips together again, slower than before. He licked into Hannibal's mouth, tasting hopps and expensive meat. The older man moaned against him, pressing more urgently into the kiss. Will felt a hand trail down the line of his spine before it rested on his ass, kneading and squeezing, pulling to expose him in a way that raised gooseflesh.

" God, oh, fuck," Will gasped, embarrassed by the way that his cheeks colored and his whines raised in octave. Hannibal's touch had been what he had fantasized about for years, had allowed himself to vividly imagine just nights past. He was achingly hard with the reality of it.

They were both on their knees, breathing the same air. Will glanced into Hannibal's eyes, saw the hunger that was carefully restrained. He would be pure in the other's view now. This desire was for his being as a whole. Hannibal wanted *Will*--not the idea of him, not the object that he had once been reduced to.

Will shuffled back, gently removing himself from Hannibal's hold. He laid fully back onto the bed, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. The whisper of pants hitting the ground was heard over the rush of blood in his ears. " I want you to have me," Will murmured as

Hannibal crawled over his body, straddling his torso. He opened his mouth to speak again, but their cocks slid up against one another, hard and heavy. A groan took the place of words.

Hannibal wasted no time latching his mouth back to Will's skin. His tongue laved over the expanse of Will's neck, swiftly replaced by teeth and gentle suction. Will dug his fingernails into powerful shoulder blades, turning his head to offer himself up fully. " Yours."

The treatment continued for quite some time. Hannibal would move to the hollow of Will's throat, each collarbone, and mark the available skin in turn. Will wouldn't refuse him this. These were marks created with passion, a mutual pleasure found in the act. The tears Will shed were from joy; the bruises would become an overwhelming reminder that he had someone who cared about him.

By the time that Hannibal's mouth had finally travelled lower, encasing and tonguing at each nipple, Will was leaking. He reached a hand down to Hannibal's cock first, squeezing the base gently. His thumb swiped up Cowper's fluid from his own stomach and the head of the other's cock, spreading it over the length. Will gave a few cursory pumps of his fist, smiling when Hannibal moaned against his skin. He released his grip on Hannibal in favor of taking both of their lengths into his hand. The resulting friction was divine, sending waves of heat up into his muscles. Will was gasping for air, his free hand buried in Hannibal's hair and pulling his mouth closer to fevered skin. The doctor bit his sensitive flesh, tugged with teeth and ran his fingernails down Will's quaking sides. When their cocks slid against one another, Hannibal thrusted into the movement and Will cried out with the new sensation. He arched every part of his body into Hannibal's ministrations, surrendering entirely.

Hannibal pulled away, sat back on his haunches. Will knew how he looked, eyes wild and lips swollen. A whimper fell from them as he pushed his hips up into the air. The older man watched his movements, stroking himself languidly. Will wasn't above begging. " Please, Hannibal."

" You're beautiful like this, Will. Better than I remembered." Hannibal splayed a hand across Will's inner thigh and he spread his legs, wanting to encourage the touch. His voice was thick with affection, roughened by lust. " Better than I could dream."

" Take me then," Will groaned exasperatedly. He had waited long enough to be touched by Hannibal, he didn't need words to convince him to go through with this.

Hannibal nodded curtly. He stepped off the bed, looking towards the nightstand. When he came around the bed and reached out an arm to open the drawer, Will grabbed his forearm. Hannibal turned to him with confusion in his eyes. " I want all of you. No condom. I trust you. Mark me." Will punctuated his sentences with tugs to the doctor's wrist until his resolve broke and the older man straddled Will's body once more.

Will allowed Hannibal to organize his limbs, folding his legs up. With knees against his chest, Will had little leverage. He pushed his head into the pillow when Hannibal ducked out of his line of sight. One forearm pressed against the back of his thighs, holding down his body in position, and the free palm pressed into his ass, spreading him. Will felt exposed. He whined, fighting Hannibal's grip on him when the other's nose rubbed against his perineum, tongue dipping at his hole.

Hannibal resisted all of Will's protests, pressing him more firmly into the mattress as he licked his way inside. Will's breath hitched in his throat as the unfamiliar pleasure ran through his skin like wildfire. It was a slow, steady burn, engulfing everything in its wake. Will thought that he was losing his mind--his protests had turned into incoherent begging as Hannibal slipped a finger, then two, beside his tongue. When Will moved to hold back his own legs, the doctor's free hand moved to his perineum, thumb working to massage his prostate from the inside and out.

" Please, Han, I need you." Will's cock was pulsing against his stomach and he gave it a few strokes, strongly gripping the base to stave off orgasm as Hannibal brought him closer. " Need you in me."

Will tried to pull away once again, this time finding reprieve from Hannibal's onslaught. The fingers and mouth left him with an obscene sound. Hannibal used both hands to spread Will's cheeks once again. It was unnecessary and Will was filled with the flush of embarrassment, covering his face with a hand. The doctor pulled it away, sliding two fingers back inside. " You look so good for me, darling. Ready and willing, open just for me." Will couldn't choke back his moan.

" For you," he agreed, pushing his hips back as Hannibal stretched him with a third digit.

Hannibal didn't keep him waiting for too much longer. Will's lust rendered him speechless, into a writhing, bucking form. He gripped Hannibal's shoulders, pulling the older male so that their bodies were lying flush against one another. Hannibal removed his fingers, replacing them quickly with the head of his cock. It was slick with precum and the spit from Hannibal's earlier activities. Will opened his mouth to beg again, completely shameless at this point, but let out a hollow cry when Hannibal gripped his hips and finally pushed to breach him, to fill him like he wanted. It was a stretch, despite the prep. Will beared down on the length and sighed contentedly when Hannibal had seated himself fully.

When the older man didn't immediately move, Will moved his legs so that they were splayed over Hannibal's shoulders. He hooked his knees into the flesh, using it as leverage to move himself over the other's length. Halfway through his progress, Hannibal seized his hips more fully. He continued to pull out of Will in a slow motion, re-entering at the same pace. Will reached down to stroke himself, grinding back with each meeting of their pelvises to try and drive a reactionary increase in speed from Hannibal.

Will reached up to cup Hannibal's jaw, bringing it down so that their lips met. They kissed languidly, tongues intertwining and soft grunts exchanged between mouths. Will felt dizzy with the slow pleasure being wrung from his body, the way that Hannibal's thrusts grazed his prostate. It wasn't enough. He was on the edge, and looking up into the other's eyes gave him enough to realize he wasn't alone. Hannibal was just trying to make this last.

" There'll be more, it's not our last time," Will whispered against thin lips. " You have me, Hannibal. Come on."

Hannibal only grunted in reply, rearranging himself so one hand was planted to the side of Will's head and the other gripped his thigh. The pace became rapid, and Hannibal's cock plunged deeper inside of Will than he thought it could. His moans became high pitched

hiccups of sound, the effort he'd previously put in to matching Hannibal's thrusts stalled in place of simply taking the onslaught. Will shouted an expletive, groaned Hannibal's name, and his movements stilled as his climax caught him.

It was an echo of their last night together, ripples of white hot-heat traveling through his muscles. His tendons tightened and jumped, cock jerking as cum shot over his stomach, dribbled down the purpled shaft and his fist. Will hissed as Hannibal gave an off-beat, harsh snap of his hips. Cum spilled inside of his body. He laughed, euphoric with the aftermath of his orgasm, the knowledge that this *wasn't* a one-time deal.

" I love you," he said breathlessly as Hannibal's eyes finally opened. The doctor's hair was disheveled, tanned cheeks as flushed as they could be. Will saw the glint of white teeth as he smiled.

Hannibal pulled out gently, rolling to the side. Will reached for a tissue and half-heartedly cleaned off his abdomen, reached down to gather what had spilled out of him before it could reach the sheets. It wasn't exactly logical, they were both sweaty enough to warrant changing the fabric.

Tossing the tissue into the wastebin, Will rolled onto his side to look down at the other man. Hannibal wouldn't meet his eyes, so Will leaned down to kiss him again. The high of orgasm was wearing off and he was getting nervous at the doctor's silence. " Talk to me. I need to know that you want this."

When Hannibal looked up, the sunset began to peek through the bottom of Will's blinds. Orange light caught sharp cheekbones and bright, happy eyes. The thin skin around them wrinkled and Will thought he almost heard a chuckle under Hannibal's breath as the older man wrapped an arm around Will's waist. He was pulled close, so that his head was once again resting on Hannibal's chest, the rhythmic expansion and deflation of warm flesh soothing his fears.

Will smiled when he felt Hannibal nuzzling into his sweat-damp curls, nosing at his scalp and inhaling him. They laid there for quite some time, taking in the comforting presence of one another.

Sleep was on the edge of Will's vision when lips moved to his ear, wetting the shell with the words he'd been waiting for.

" If I didn't love you, Will, why would I be here?"

Chapter End Notes

||tumblr||

End Notes

||Tumblr||

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!